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Kansas Land



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from

Day Dreams

by

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Worth While Series

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Morning

THE golden rays of morning sun
Are burnishing the East;
Come! wake, ye laggards, and enjoy
Fair Nature's glorious feast!

Each morn a fresh beginning is;
Our yesterdays are past;
Let's gather sunshine, while we may.
It can't forever last!

A Prairie Vision

MILES on miles of level prairies,
Stretch before my vision broad,
Breathes of freedom, boundless freedom,
Shows the handiwork of God!

Not a tree, and not a mountain,
Nothing to obstruct one's view;
Earth's all carpeted with emerald,
Vaulted o'er with sky of blue!

Flowers grow in thick profusion,
Gold and purple, pink and white,
And the perfume from their blossoms,
Fill my soul with keen delight!

A Prairie Portrait

EARLY morn on the prairies! what artist could
paint it?

The gold and the purple, the crimson, the blue,
The mists slowly rising, the darkness receding,
Chased back by bright colors of every known hue!

The dew in the meadows is glistening like diamonds,
The air is as sweet as a rose newly born,
While the wheat is fast turning to yellow, so golden,
Interspersed with its broad fields of emerald corn!

The sunflower bright to the east now is facing,
As tho it would worship its namesake, I ween,
While the brook, singing low on its way to the ocean,
Takes on a bright color of silvery sheen!

My Heart's Calling for You

BUT in the land where the sunflower grows,
Where the sun always shines,
Where the wind always blows,
Where the air's always sweet;
Where the sky's always blue—
Oh! fair sunny Kansas,
My heart's calling for you!

Here in the city 'midst dust, and 'midst smoke,
Where the day after pay
We're always dead broke,
Where all's chasing the dollar,
Where real friends are few,
I'm homesick for Kansas,
My heart's calling for you!

The World Is Fair

A SUMMER shower we had to-day.
The flowers are smiling everywhere!
The birds still sing, while on the wing,
"The world is fair! The world is fair!"

The sky is flecked with clouds of gold,
(Such beauty is, indeed, most rare!)
While breezes blow, and whisper low,
"The world is fair! The world is fair!"

All Nature seems to be at peace;
The bees are humming here and there;
At work all day they seem to say,
"The world is fair! The world is fair!"

When trouble seems to fill all space,
When life is filled with woe and care,
May we, too, sing like birds on wing,
"The world is fair! The world is fair!"

Spring

THE greatest land beneath the sun
Is Kansas in the spring;
Whene'er I see a morn like this,
My heart and lips both sing.

No sky so blue as Kansas skies,
No breeze so sweet as this;
It woos the color to my cheeks,
As does my sweetheart's kiss!

Western Kansas

WESTERN Kansas in the spring—
Is the prettiest spot, I jing!
Underneath the skies;
Streams all flowin',
Grasses growin',
Just one glad surprise!

Wish I were an artist born,
I would paint the fields of corn;
Every stalk a king,
Wheat's a-comin',
Bees a-hummin',
Birds are on the wing!

You folks crowded in the city
Certainly deserve our pity;
We with room to spare,
Come! we'll meet you!
Come! we'll greet you!
We will treat you fair!

Autumn Days

OH, the glories of the forest on these bright autumnal days,
When colors on the leaves surpass the rainbow's beauteous rays;
When tang of burning stalk and leaf is borne upon the air,
No scene mid cycle of the year can to these days compare.

April

LOUDS of gray, clouds of gray.
Gentle breezes blow away,
Bid the blue sky come again,
Sunshine take the place of rain.

Sunshine bright, sunshine bright,
Sets this old gray world aright,
Makes life once again worth while,
Every face is now a-smile!

Happy day! Happy day!
Winter now has turned to May!
Every heart throbs wild with bliss,
Thrills me as my sweetheart's kiss!

All's Right in Kansas

WHEN it rains out here in Kansas,
 It rains all right!
It commences in the morning,
 And rains till late at night.
It fills the earth with moisture,
 Starts every stream to flow,
And farmers all begin to talk
 About an overflow!

When it's dry out here in Kansas,
 It's dry all right!
And men, who feared an overflow,
 Quit early in the fight!
Instead of sticking to their post,
 And winning by their might,
They get a bad case of cold feet,
 And quit the game from fright!

When it's hot out here in Kansas,
It's hot all right!
The sun shows up, a ball of fire,
And puts us all to flight!
It simmers us, and sizzles us
Until we're well-nigh dead;
We're scared, and so we holler out,
"There'll be no wheat for bread!"

When we harvest here in Kansas,
We harvest all right!
The wheat crop is astonishing,
The corn crop's "out of sight!"
We send a call to eastern states,
A call to send us men
To gather in our bumper crops,
And all's serene again!

Ad Astra Per Aspera

TO the stars thru difficulties, Kansas fair was
given birth,
To a million shackled bondmen, Freedom gave, and
it was worth
All the bloodshed and the horror of the days now
long gone by,
While our praise and our thanksgiving's wafted up-
ward toward the sky.

We have made from out a desert, gardens wondrous
to behold,
Corn and wheat and famed alfalfa brot to us a
flood of gold;
Modern homes, with schools and churches, shady
groves and flowers fair,
Greet our vision to the westward; ne'er a scene
that can compare.

Freedom here was given birthright; now it's grown
to manhood strong.
Courage gives to hearts of weaklings, crushes out
Oppression's wrongs.
We have dared where others faltered; laws we've
made to guard our young.
"Do and dare," we've made our slogan. Praise is
now on every tongue.

Peace instead of tribulation; wealth instead of long,
lean years.
Crops are bounteous; harvests bumpers; courage
reigns instead of fears.
It was worth the long, long struggle, but we stayed
and now we've won,
So we'll sing the praise of Kansas, greatest state
beneath the sun.

Kansas Wants the Best

KANSAS, where they hatch out things,
That make our nation great,
Has had more jokes poked at her name
Than any other state.

Away back in the '60s
'Twas Kansas led the fight
That freed a million bondmen,
And gave them equal right.

'Twas Kansas led the mighty war
Against John Barleycorn;
Far out in Sunny Kansas
Prohibition's cause was born.
A million slaves again were freed—
The ballot won this fight;
Our gathered forces bravely stood
For purity and right.

The women's cause we next espoused;
They helped to build our state;
Without our mothers and our wives
No country could be great.
We deemed they, too, should have a voice
In formulating laws;
They, too, should have their way, we thought,
In every worthy cause.

Our Pure Food laws were ridiculed
By all our sister states;
They thought we certainly were bug!
And slyly tapped their pates!
But now they, too, have dropped in line;
They've followed out our plan;
On drinking cups and roller towels
Their laws have placed a ban.

Our slogan is to "*Do and Dare!*"
We merit it—we're game!
All ridicule we bravely stood;
It won us more than fame.
Then, Liberty or Rights at stake,
Our State leads all the rest;
We will not compromise with wrong;
We want the very best!

Kansas Has It All

KANSAS has more wind, I jing,
Than 'most any other thing,
'Less it be her crops;
Winter, summer, spring, or fall,
Seldom ever quits at all,
Hardly ever stops!

Kansas has more sand than some,
(That's what thinks the "newly-come,")
But we need the grit!
Little sand mixed with your food,
Same as fed your poultry brood,
Makes a "never-quit!"

Kansas has more boosters, too.
Men who're always found true blue,
When we need them most!
Greatest place to make your home,
When you wish no more to roam,
Found twixt coast and coast,

A Dry Weather Shower

DID you ever live in Kansas along in summer time
When thermometers commence to jump instead
of slowly climb?

A cloud would show up in the south and cover half
the sky;
We'd gamble it would surely rain, we'd think it was
no lie.

We'd hustle in the new mown hay, we'd roll the rain
barrel out,

And tubs we'd gather from the shed to place beneath
the spout;

We'd gather in our new hatched chicks for fear that
they might drown;

And when we'd finished we would wait to watch the
rain come down.

The wind would come in fitful gusts, our windows
then we'd close.

And Ma would holler to us kids, "Come in, you'll
wet your clothes."

And then we'd stand and wait for it to splash against
the pane;

It was a regular Kansas shower without one drop of
rain.

Westland

T LOVE the sweep of Westland,
When sun is beaming down
On prairies—be they carpeted
With emerald or with brown.

I love her Spring-time zephyrs,
With scent of Spring-time flowers,
Her wooded dells, her flowing streams
'Mid Nature's hidden bowers.

I love her fearless people,
I love their hand-clasp strong.
Their courage rare that bid them dare
To right oppressor's wrong.

To Westland—boundless Westland,
I drink this toast to you—
A leader in all Righteousness,
May all your dreams come true.

A Harvest Prayer

GOD of the harvest, we thank thee
For the bountiful crops thou hast given;
Early and late we have labored and prayed;
Day after day we have striven;
Now our reward we are reaping;
To you our prayers now ascend;
List! on our lips are Thanksgivings
To Thee—Our Father, Our Friend.

Spring Tide

SPRINGTIME out here on the Plains
 Certainly is pretty,
Wouldn't trade one day of it
 For six months in your City.

Air is pure and sweet and clean,
Sky of sapphire blue,
Come and visit us a while,
And you'll say so, too.

Flowers bloomin' 'long the road,
Fillin' it with beauty,
Makes a fellow want to shirk
'Bout half of his duty.

In This Country of Delight

JUST a level stretch of prairie
Greets my vision as I write,
Thorns and thistles ever bristle
In this Country of Delight.

Here the winds are ever blowing,
Blowing day and blowing night;
Never ceases but increases
In this Country of Delight.

Here the air is never tainted,

 Here the sun is always bright;
All is quiet, there's no riot
 In this Country of Delight.

Here is freedom, boundless freedom,

 That which makes the world look bright;
Each man's free, there's no hard master
 In this Country of Delight.

Come, and leave your crowded cities,

 So much wrong there's mixed with right;
Come, enjoy God-given freedom
 In this Country of Delight.

Nature's Portrait

AN ocean of green greets my eyes as I write
As billows upon the wide sea,
Alfalfa and wheat with their perfume more sweet
Than the far-famed magnolia tree.

The bright sky above as of sapphire bends low
As tho 'twere caressing the scene
While the haze in the distance adds beauty and worth
With its wavering, silvery sheen.

The soft breeze from the south now caresses my brow,
'Tis as pure and as sweet as a kiss;
I wish I were artist, no further I'd seek
For there's no scene more lovely than this.

Kansas Wealth

WE people out in Wheat land
Are feeling fit and fine;
The wealth we gather from our crops
Is richer than a mine;
Why then hike off to foreign climes
To prospect there for gold,
When in the soil of Kansas fair
Are riches yet untold.

Our men are built of sturdy stuff,
It looked a losing game
But those who stuck and fought it out
Have won a Nation's fame.
We furnish bread to feed the world,
We furnish homes for those
Who care to change the cities' strife
For comfort and repose.

A Roadside Scene

PRairie apples are in blossom,
With their mellow, golden hue,
While beside in modest silence,
Smiles the violet's face of blue.

Meadow lark with baby birdlings
Has her home 'neath pampas plume,
And the yellow on her waistcoat's
Stolen from the apple bloom.

Locust blossoms 'long the roadside
Shed an odor rich and rare;
Heavy is the air with perfume
From the apple, plum and pear.

Oh, it's great to just be living
In these days of springtime fair;
Let's forget all strife and discord,
Cast aside our fears and cares.

Evening

THE vesper bells are ringing;
The birds have ceased their singing,
And peace now hovers over every home!
The day of labor's ended,
And gold and blue are blended
In skies that have the hue of ocean foam!

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